

19  
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Sati

# Anjana Sundari





# SATI ANJANA SUNDARI

Indian culture places woman at a lofty pedestal giving her the title of 'Sati'. The confluence of the three streams of truth, chastity, and discipline is known as Sati. She is the perpetual stream of clemency and tolerance. Each fragment of her life is enriched with the fragrance of Dharm and sacrifice. A woman whose life is as untainted as a lotus flower is glorified as a Sati. There is an unbroken and pious tradition of such great women in Indian history. Sati Anjana Sundari is one such glowing bead of that string. The life of Anjana, the mother of the great warrior and pious soul Hanuman, is a touching story of unprecedented tolerance, courage and equanimity in face of grave afflictions.

Anjana, the daughter of Vidyadhar King Mahendra, and the only sister of one hundred brothers, is married to the valorous prince Pavananjai Kumar, son of King Prahlad. Even before this marriage, fate injects the venom of misery into her life. Immediately after marriage she is abandoned by her husband to face the torturous ebb and flow of life. Anjana takes every thing in her stride and maintains her composure. Fate once again jests with her. Her husband secretly meets her, she gets pregnant, and is thrown out of her house with a blemish on her character. Her father too refuses to accept her and she is left to the mercy of elements in a desolate jungle. The flavor of hair-raising adventure is added to the story by the terrible afflictions she faces while wandering in the jungle. She is tortured more by the false blemish on her character than the horrors she faces. But she maintains her equanimity believing the miseries to be the play of fate. She gives birth to Hanuman, a son as radiant as the Sun.

This is one of the most touching tales in Jain literature. It is based on the famous work Trishashti Shalaka Purush Charitra. This trim script has been rendered by the eloquent orator Shri Ravindra Muni ji. We are sure the readers will find it inspiring.

— **Shrichand Surana 'Saras'**

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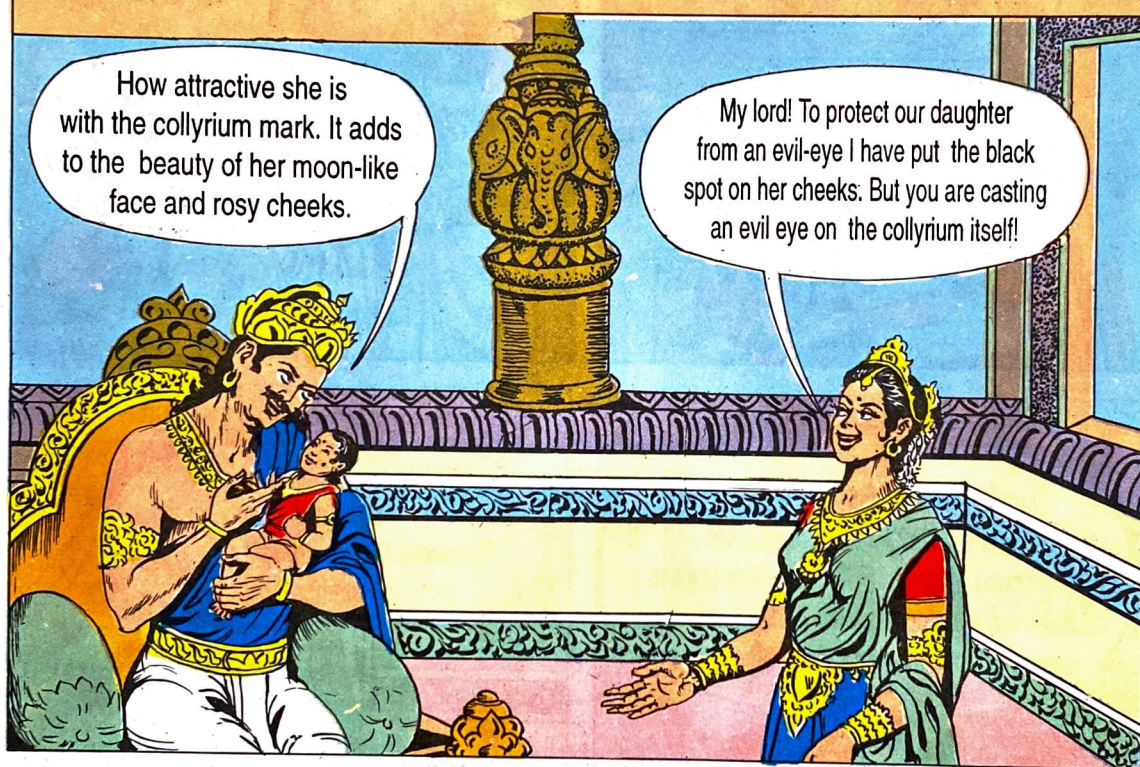


# SATI ANJANA SUNDARI

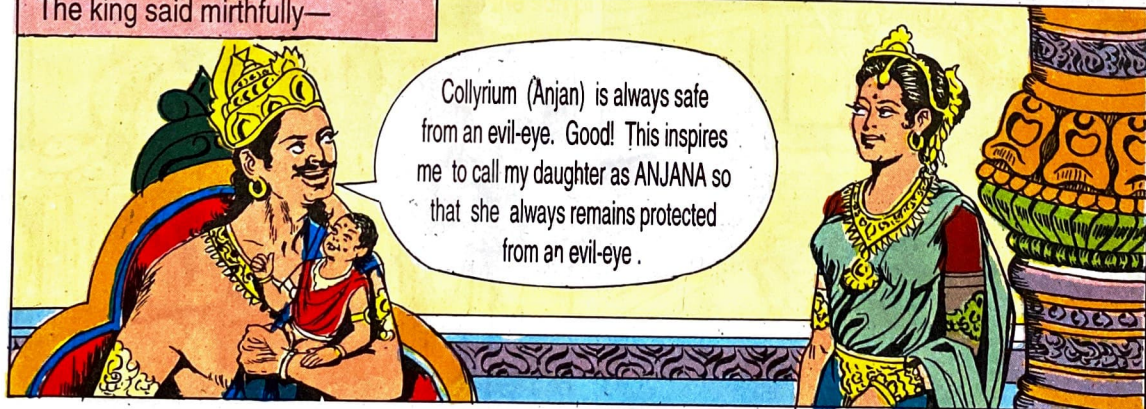
On Danti hills, on the south-western sea-shore, there were many towns of Vidyadhars. Mahendrapur was their capital and

Mahendra their king. He had 100 sons and no daughter. One day queen Hridaya Sundari gave birth to a daughter. The king jumped with joy. Loving care was showered over the child.

One day the queen brought the well dressed infant to the king who took it in his lap—

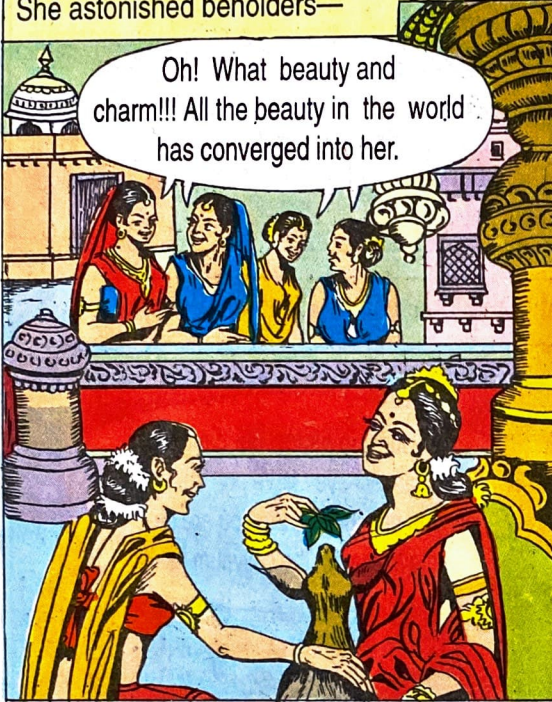


The king said mirthfully—





Brought up with loving care Anjana turned into a beautiful and charming young woman. She astonished beholders—



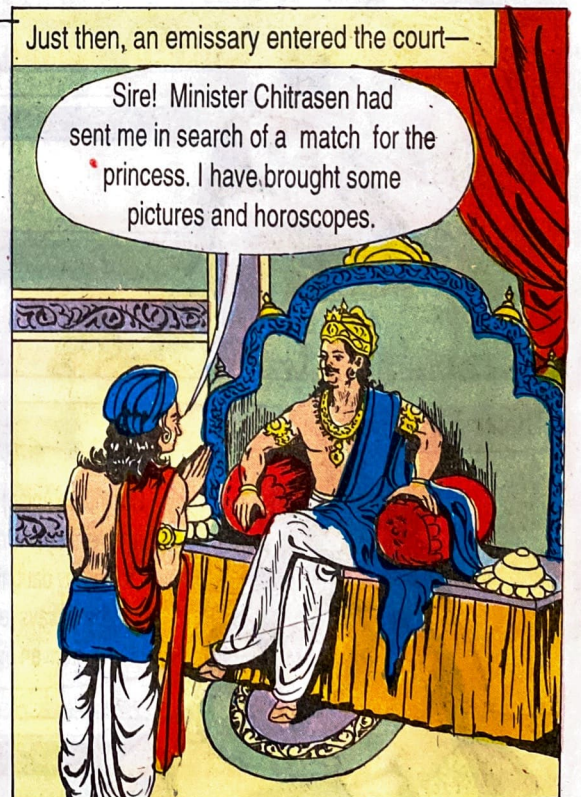
One day the queen said to the king—



King Mahendra said—

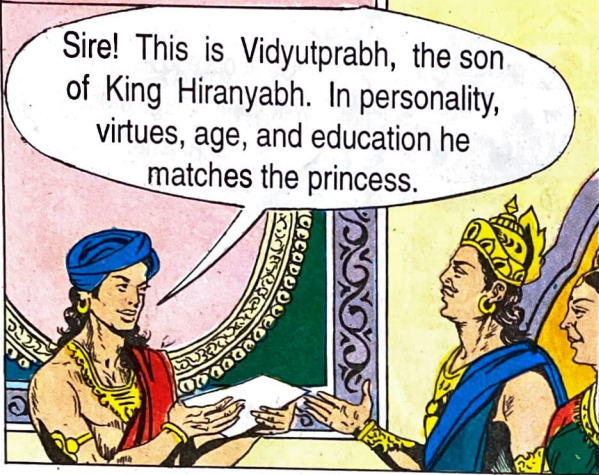


Just then, an emissary entered the court—





The royal couple looked eagerly. The emissary presented a picture—



The king looked at the astrologer and said—



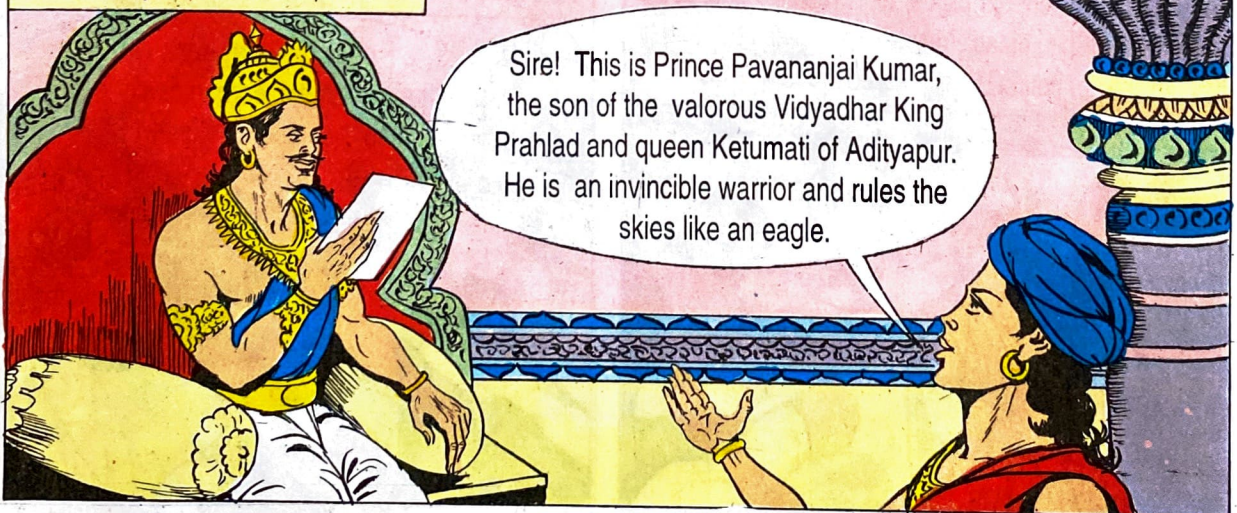
The astrologer said—



The queen was disappointed—



The emissary took out another picture—



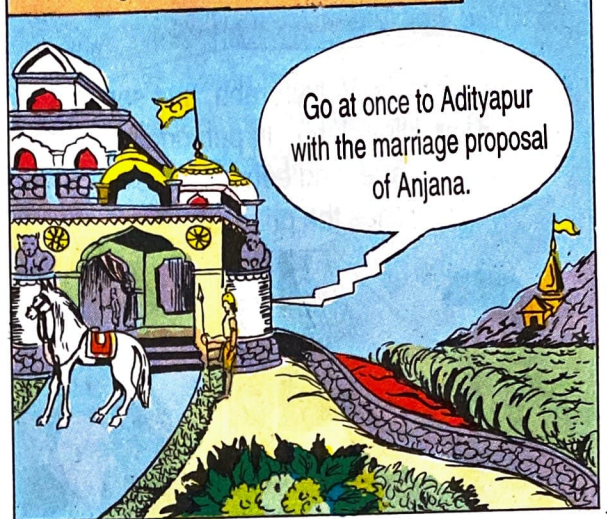
# Initiation into the ascetic order.



The astrologer gave his consent—



The King instructed the emissary—



The emissary reached Adityapur and gave the marriage proposal to King Prahlad who said—



King Prahlad sent the picture to Pavananjai who, in the company of his friend Prahasit, appreciated the beauty of Anjana for hours. He then asked Prahasit—



Prahasit said—





Pavan said—

My marriage is still three days away and I suffer from the intense desire to behold her.

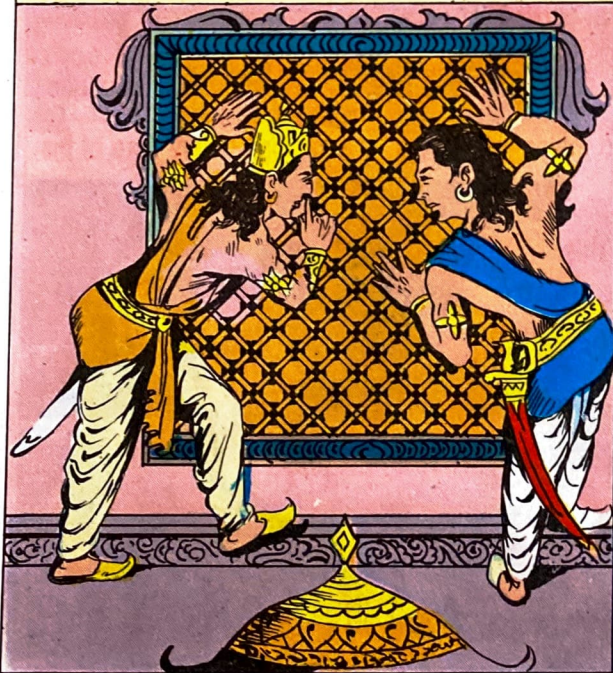
Why this eagerness, friend! can't you wait three days?



Why three days, even three hours are beyond me.... Come, let's go see her...

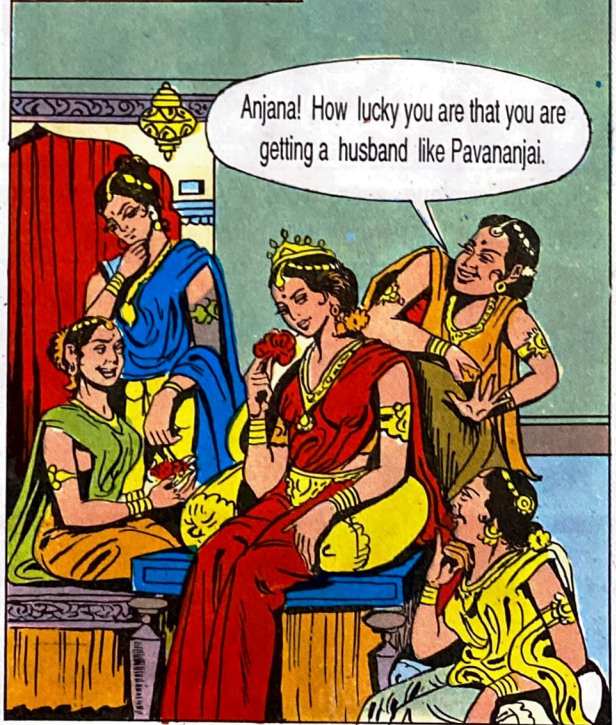


At dusk Pavan and Prahasit boarded a Viman, landed on the roof of Anjana's palace, and peeped through the grill to admire her beauty.



Within the room Anjana's friends were playfully teasing her.

Anjana! How lucky you are that you are getting a husband like Pavananjai.

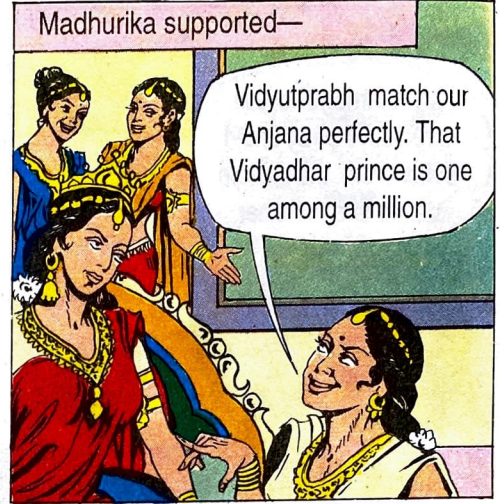




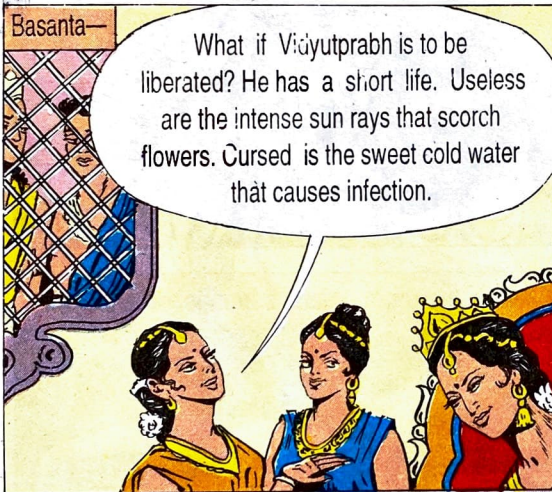
Another one said—



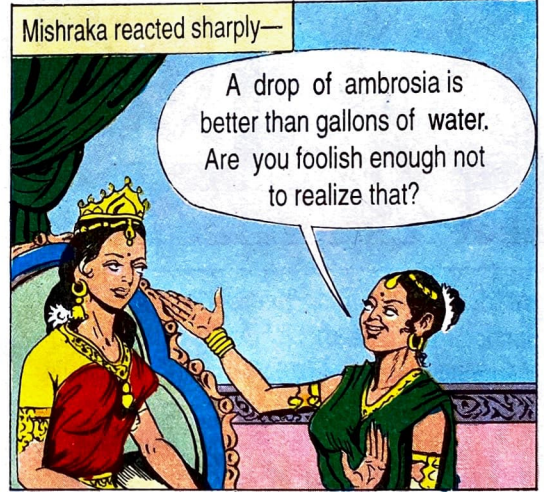
Madhurika supported—



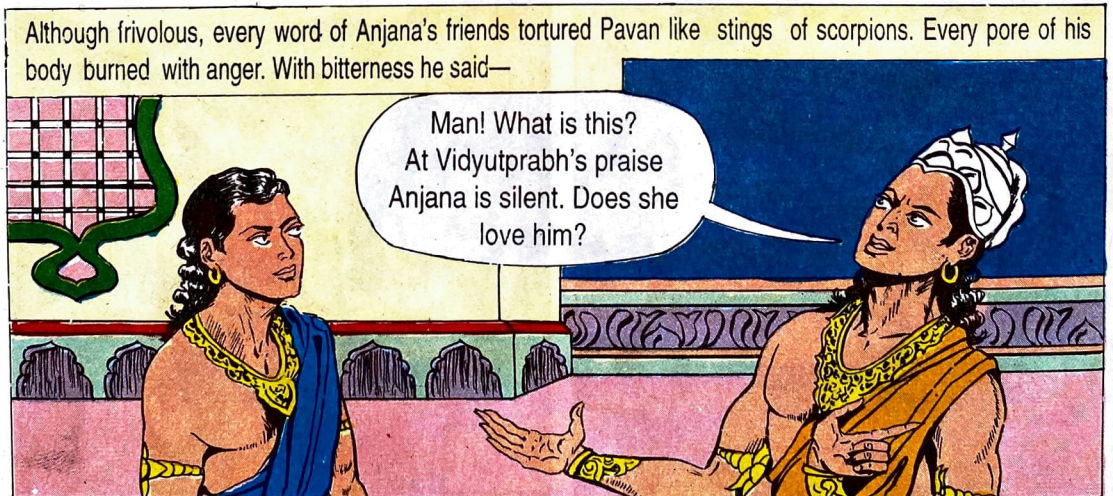
Basanta—



Mishraka reacted sharply—



Although frivolous, every word of Anjana's friends tortured Pavan like stings of scorpions. Every pore of his body burned with anger. With bitterness he said—





Pavan went on—

Loving one and marrying another; what treachery is this? I will behead the vamp at once.



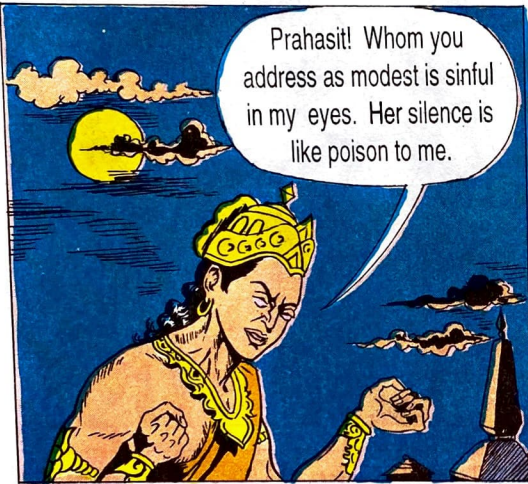
And Pavan drew his sword.

Prahast closed Pavan's mouth with his palm—

No man! Don't spit venom. Why throw slime at a modest innocent girl? Poor girl has hardly uttered a word; she remains silent.

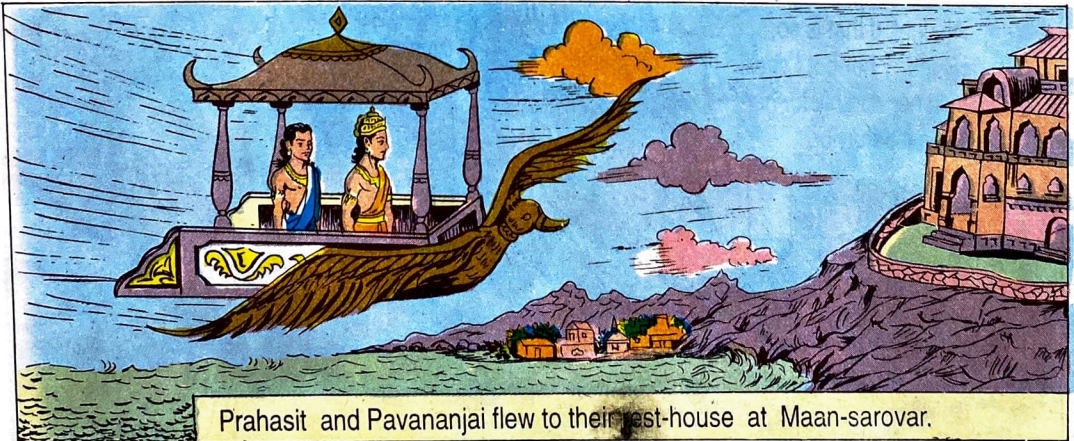
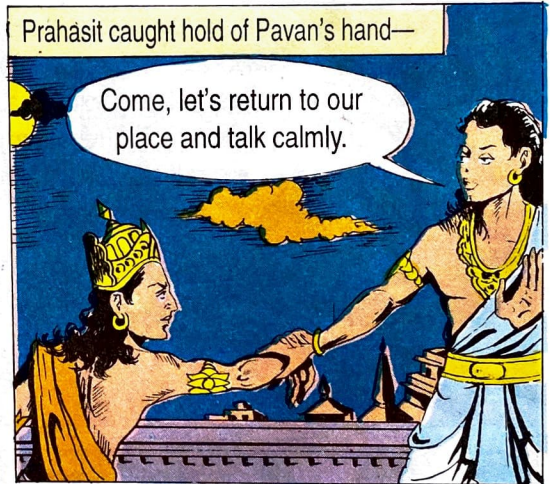


Prahast! Whom you address as modest is sinful in my eyes. Her silence is like poison to me.



Prahast caught hold of Pavan's hand—

Come, let's return to our place and talk calmly.



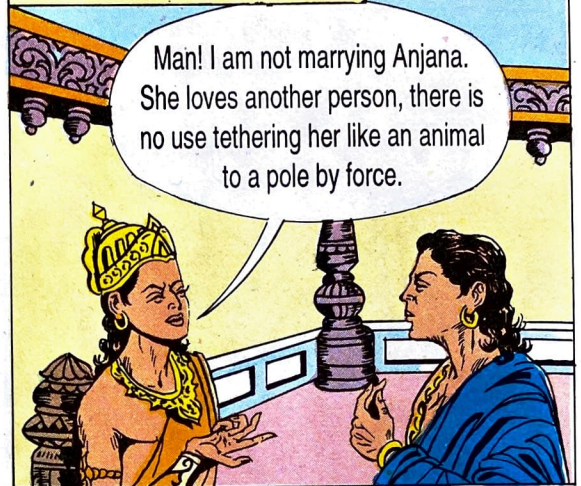
Prahast and Pavananjai flew to their rest-house at Maan-sarovar.



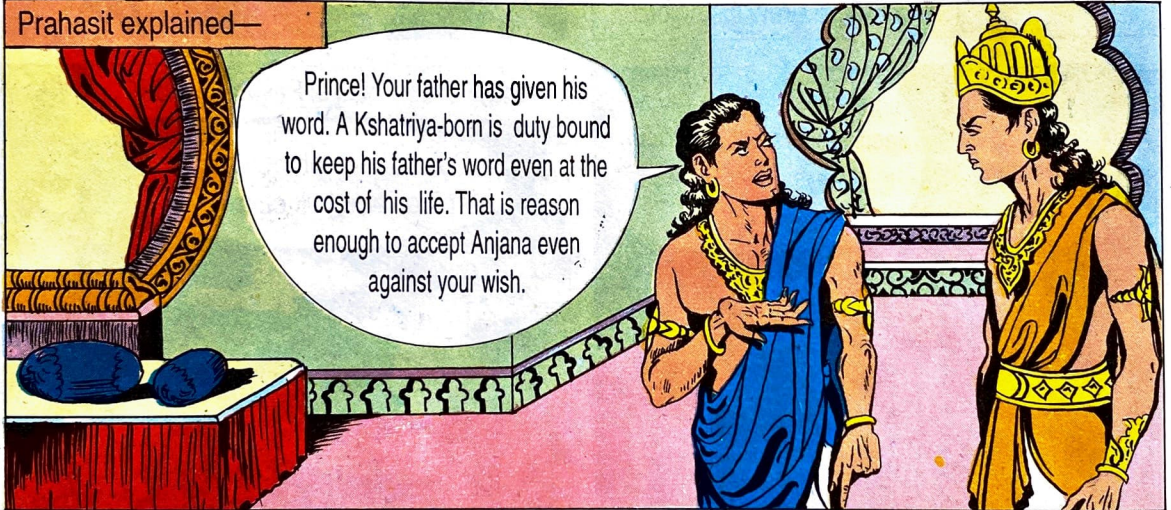
Pavan could not sleep a wink that night. He sizzled in anger—



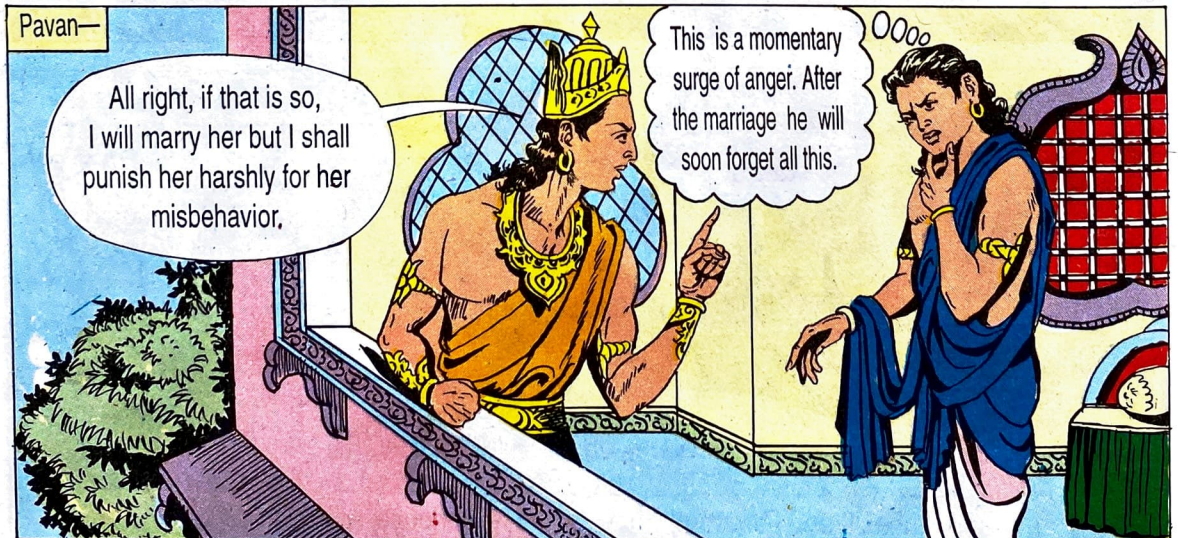
Come morning he said to Prahasit—



Prahasit explained—

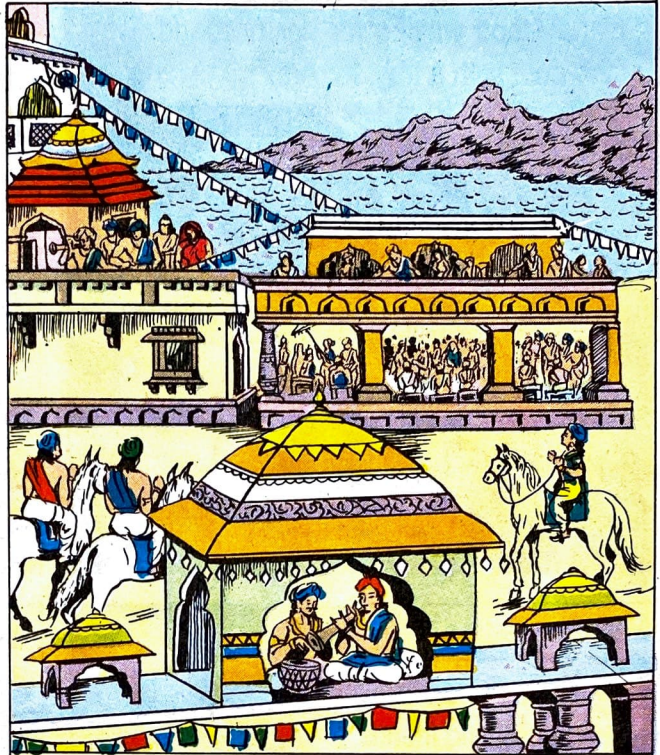
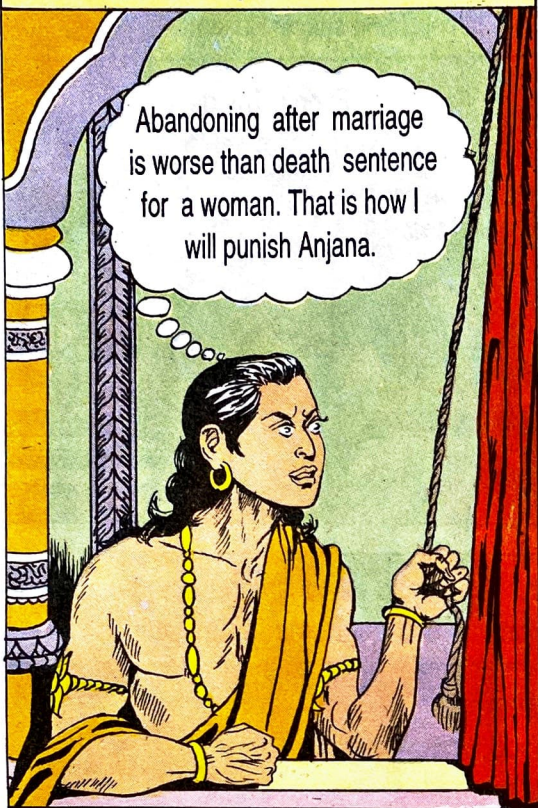


Pavan—





However, Pavananjai became vindictive—

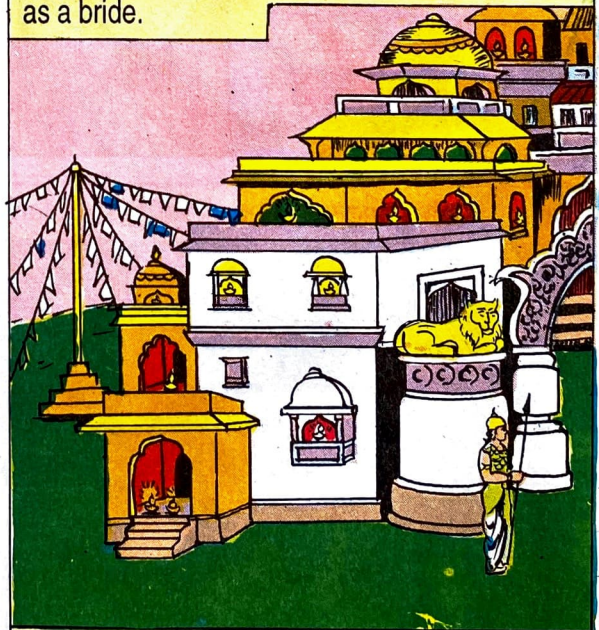


On the third day Anjana and Pavananjai were married in a grand ceremony at Maan-sarovar.

Her father, mother, and 100 brothers gave Anjana a tearful farewell—



King Prahlad allotted a beautiful seven storied house to Pavananjai. Anjana entered it as a bride.



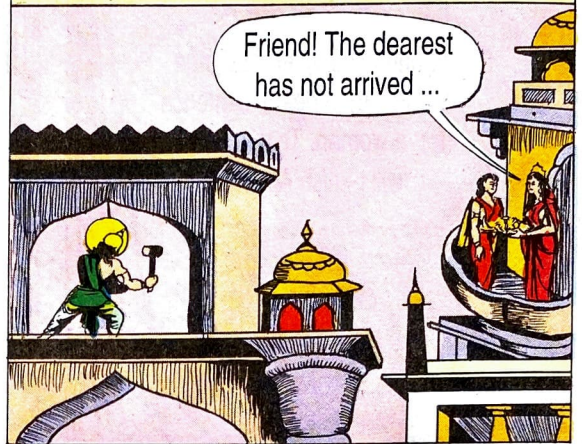
In the evening Basanta liberally sprinkled colorful fragrant flowers. The maids lit auspicious lamps.



Anjana stood waiting for her husband at the door with a tray for Arti.<sup>#</sup>



The sound of the hourly gong added to Anjana's disappointment. She said to Basanta—



Friend! The dearest has not arrived ...

Basanta reassured her—

Must have been delayed by gossiping friends.



With the tray in hand Anjana stood waiting. An ominous thought made her tremble.

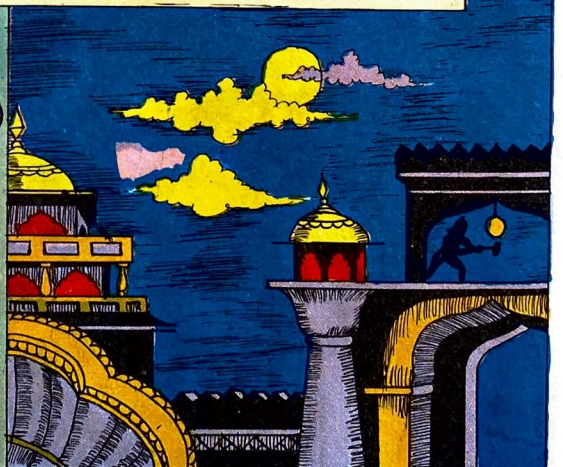


Has my good luck abandoned me?

The midnight gong sounded. Anjana, still standing at the door, asked Basanta—

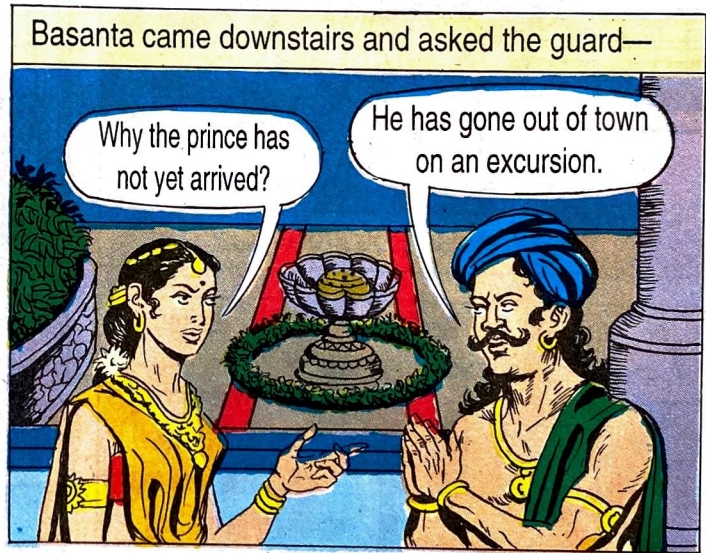
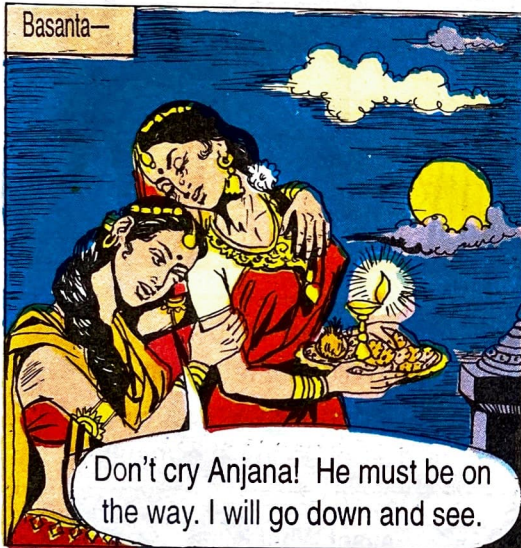


Everyone has slept  
You too should  
go sleep.



# A ceremony in which a lamp or tray containing various offerings is moved in a circular fashion before a deity or person on special occasions.







Basanta returned dejected. Her tears increased the heart-beats of Anjana. She embraced Anjana and wailed—

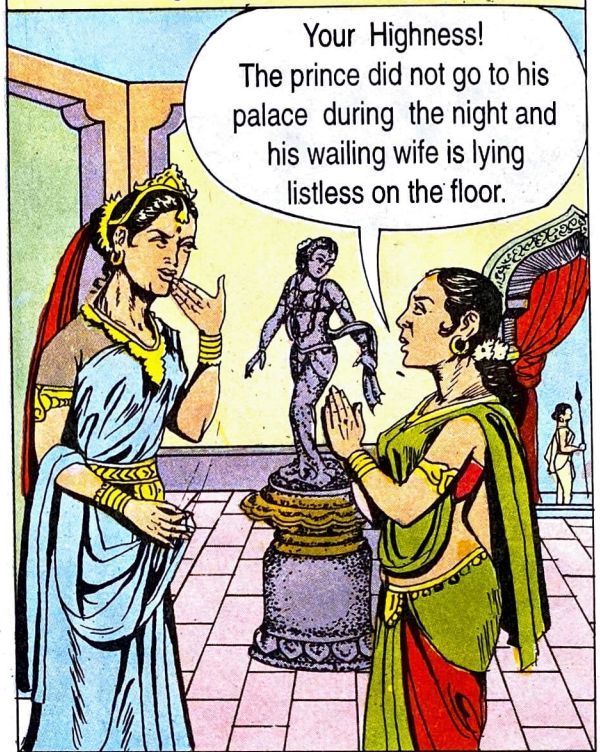
Anjana! We have lost everything, fate has dealt us a cruel blow.



Anjana too broke down.

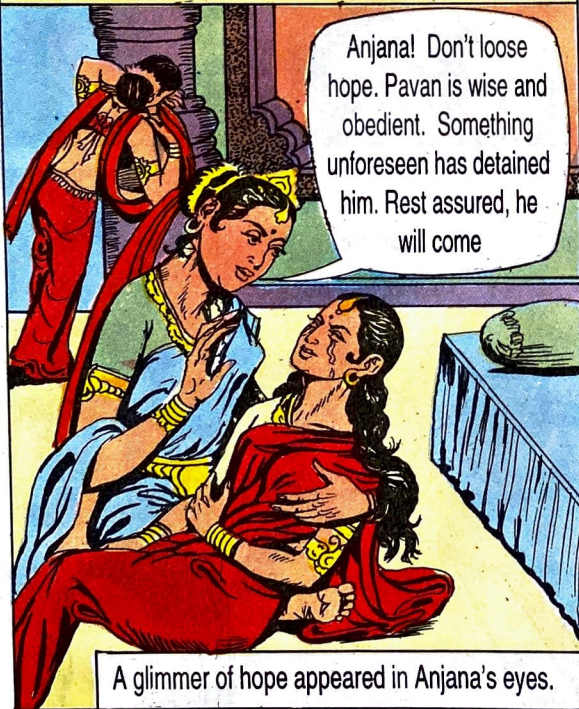
In the morning the maids informed the queen—

Your Highness!  
The prince did not go to his palace during the night and his wailing wife is lying listless on the floor.



The queen got apprehensive and rushed to Anjana's palace. She tried to console Anjana—

Anjana! Don't loose hope. Pavan is wise and obedient. Something unforeseen has detained him. Rest assured, he will come



A glimmer of hope appeared in Anjana's eyes.

Anjana's hope proved to be false like a daydream. Pavan did not return to the royal complex. Even when he came there, a few days later, he did not go to his own palace.

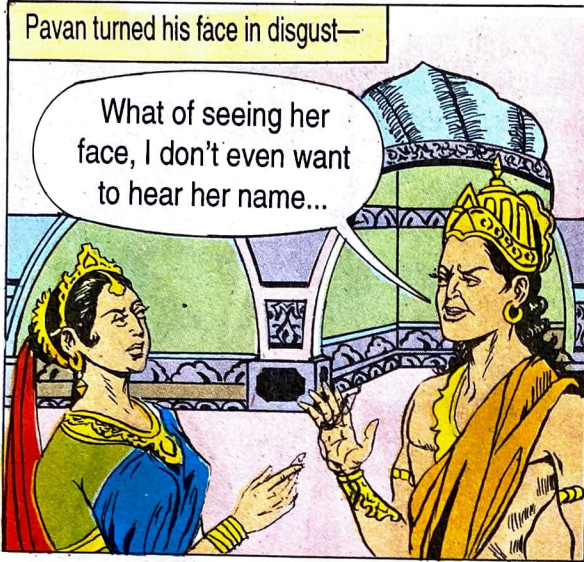
Pavan! What is the matter? Why don't you go to your palace?



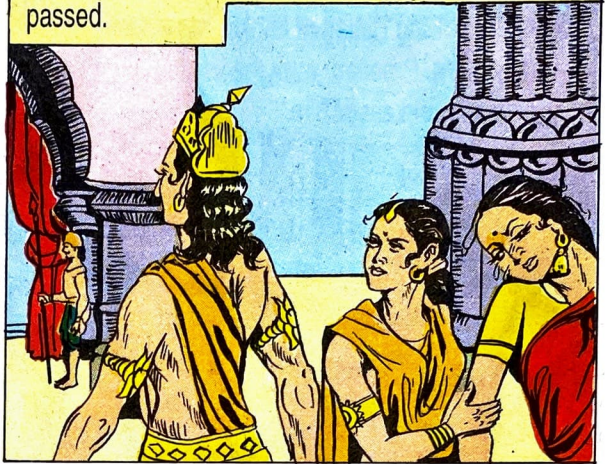


Pavan turned his face in disgust—

What of seeing her face, I don't even want to hear her name...



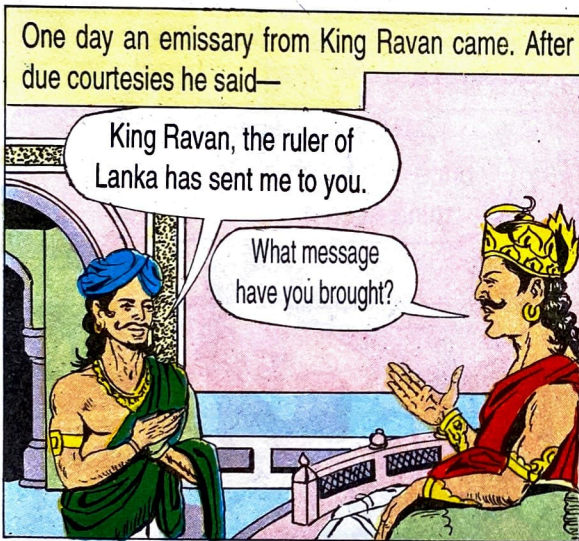
In spite of all the efforts of his parents and friends Pavan refused even to look at Anjana. Many months passed.



One day an emissary from King Ravan came. After due courtesies he said—

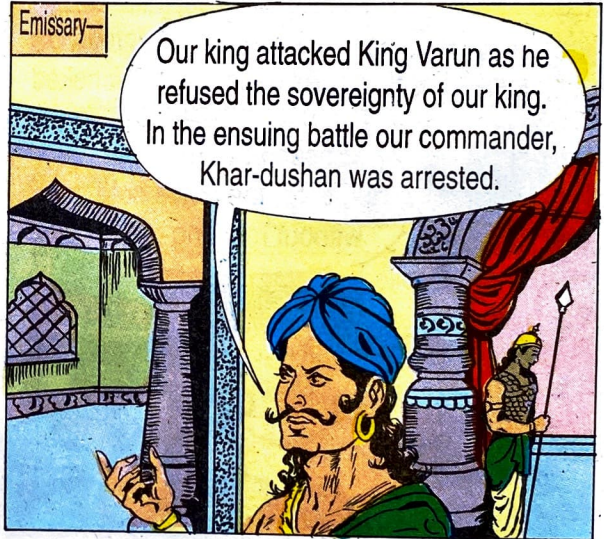
King Ravan, the ruler of Lanka has sent me to you.

What message have you brought?



Emissary—

Our king attacked King Varun as he refused the sovereignty of our king. In the ensuing battle our commander, Khar-dushan was arrested.



King Prahlad—

Very bad!



He added—

Tell King Ravan, that I will certainly stand by my friend. I am sending my army soon.

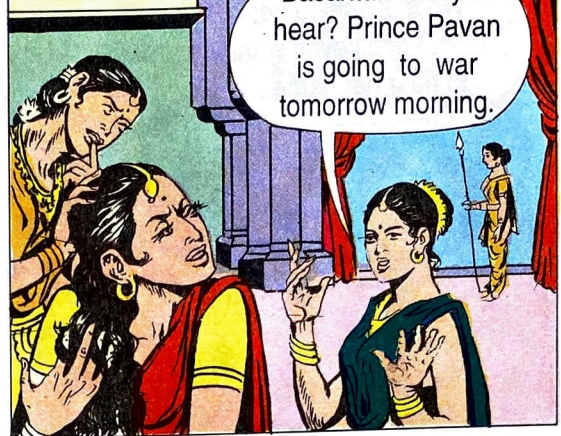




The king called prince Pavan and said—



Basanta got the news from the king's maids—



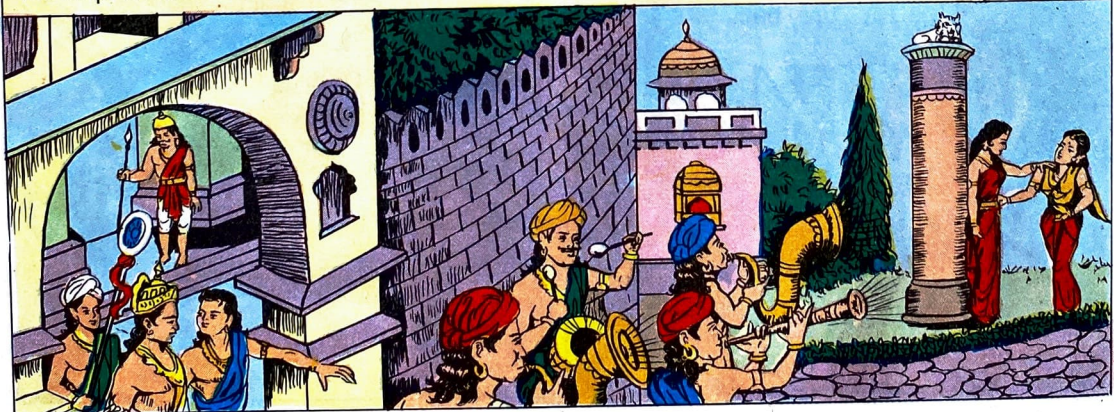
When Anjana got this news she fainted. On regaining consciousness she uttered in choked voice—



Basanta remained silent. Tears filled her eyes. Anjana said—



At dawn the band played war tunes at the palace gate. Anjana came out of her palace with the help of Basanta and stood like a statue reclining at a pillar just outside the palace.



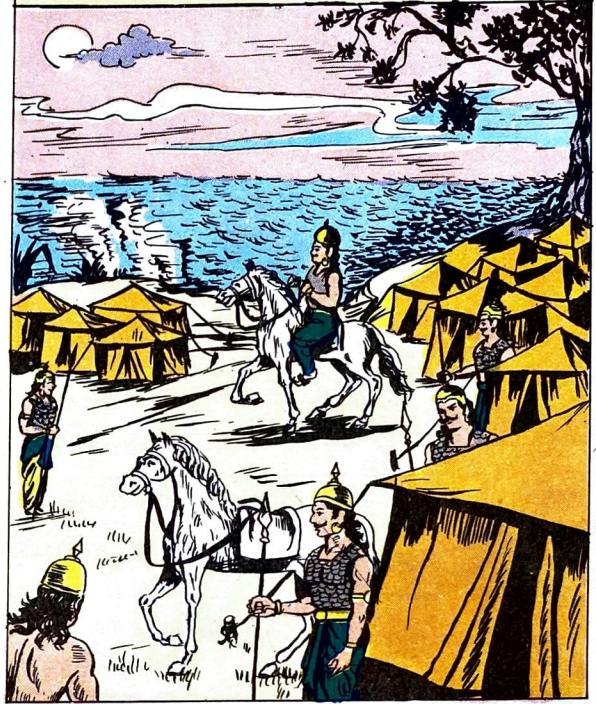


The moment Pavan came out of the gate Anjana fell at his feet—



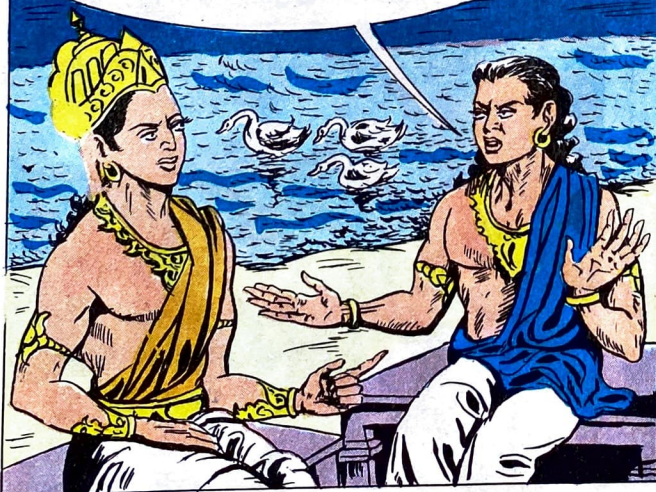
But Pavan did not even look at Anjana. He just proceeded.

With his large army Pavananjai reached Maan-sarovar and set his base in a garden.



During the moonlit night Pavan and Prahasit sat down at the banks of the lake. Prahasit said—

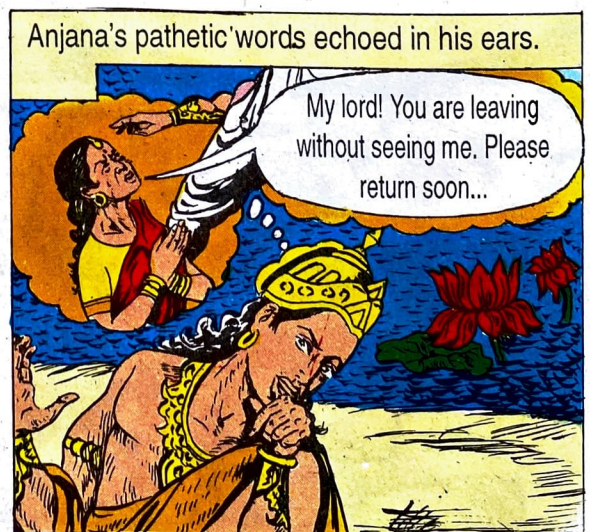
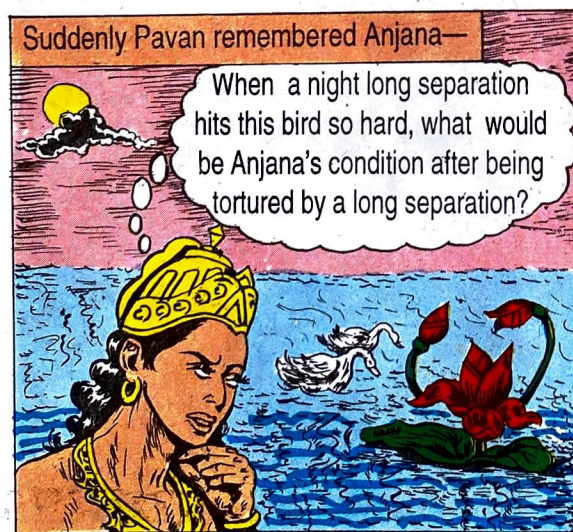
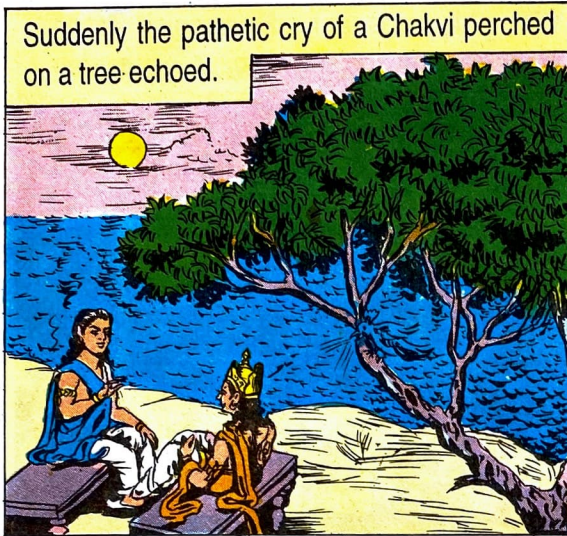
The heat of anger and hatred seems to have dried up all the juice of love from your heart. Has it become so callous and hard that it did not shatter even while kicking an innocent faithful wailing woman?



Pavananjai remained silent. He shifted his gaze between the swans in the lake and the glowing moon in the sky.









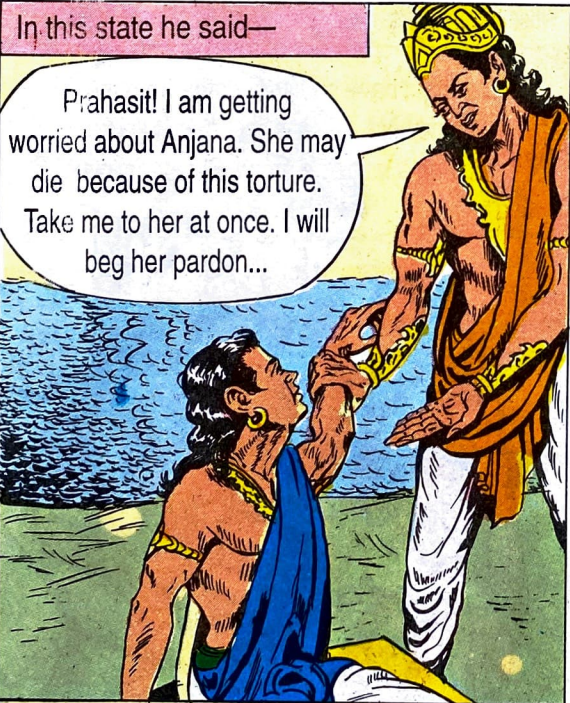
Pavananjai became disturbed, he thought—



He reached a bursting point and was hounded by his own thoughts—



In this state he said—



Pavananjai and Prahasit boarded a Viman and reached Anjana's palace in no time.

When she saw Pavan entering her palace Anjana jumped with joy.

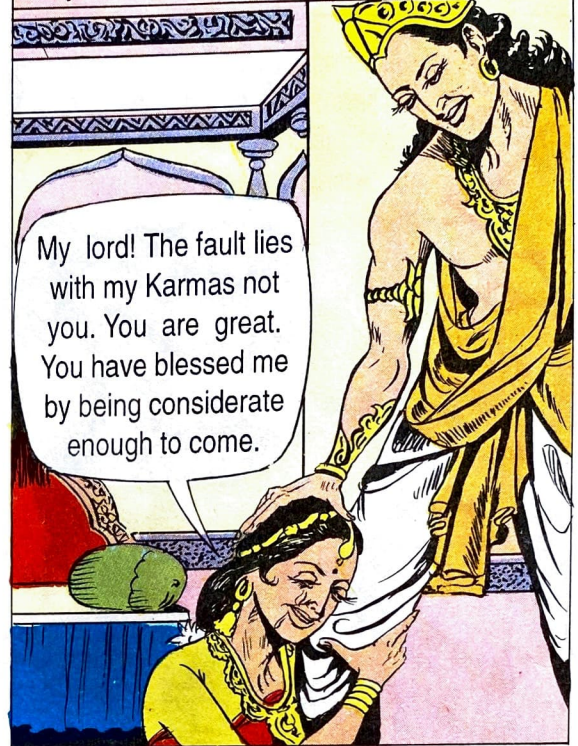




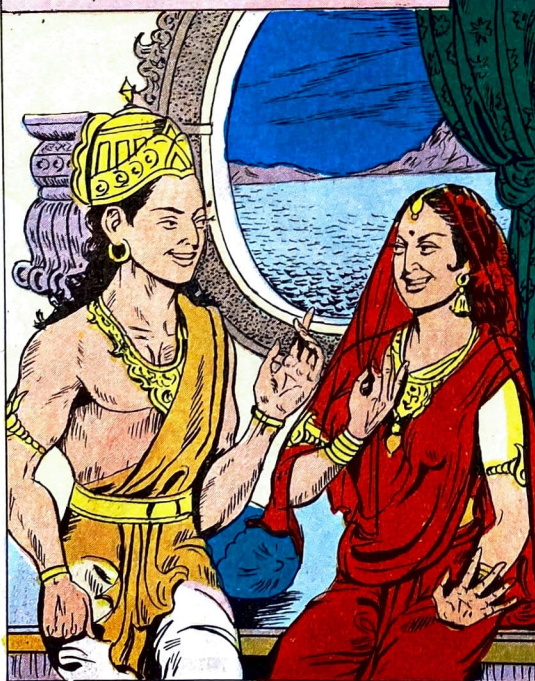
On entering the room Pavananjai sought Anjana's pardon—



Anjana fell at his feet—



Pavananjai spent the night with Anjana. The hours passed in seconds.

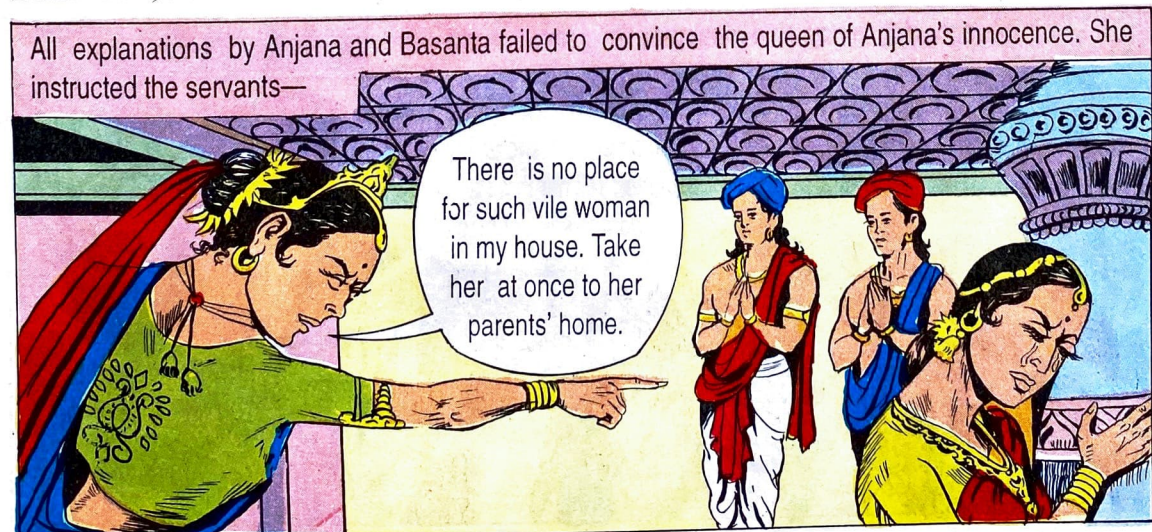
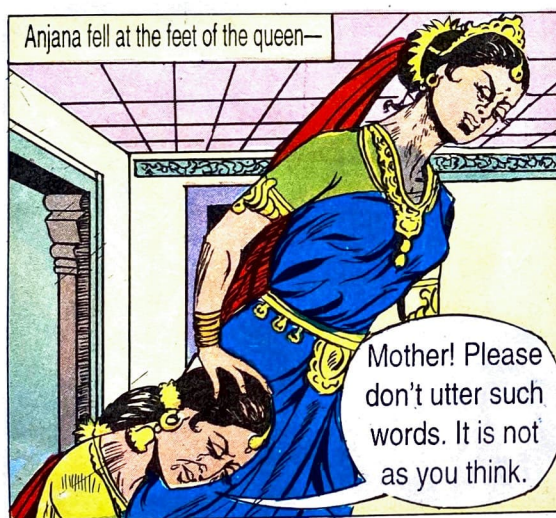
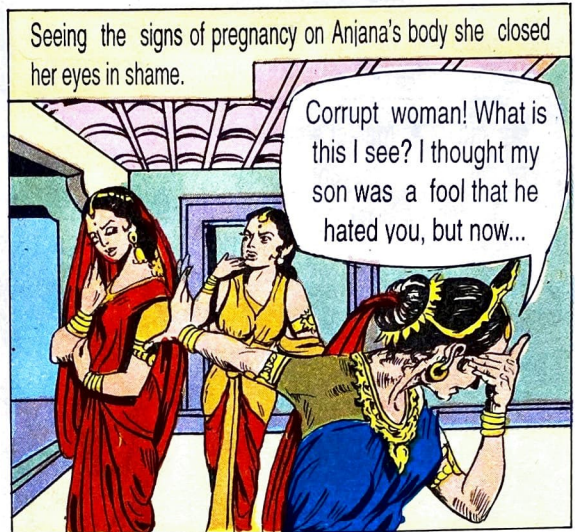
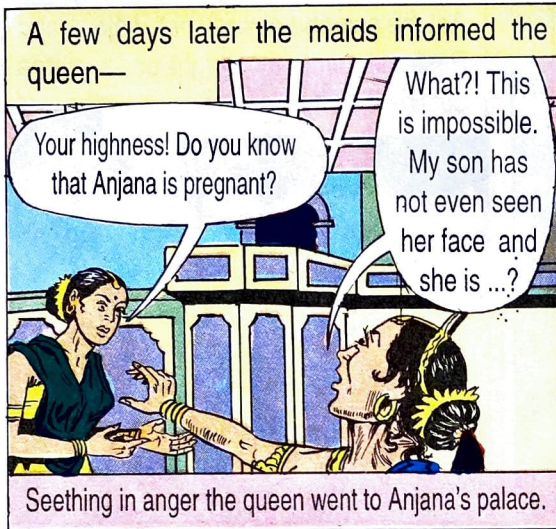


When Pavananjai saw the horizon turning crimson he said—



He gave Anjana his ring with his state-seal and left.

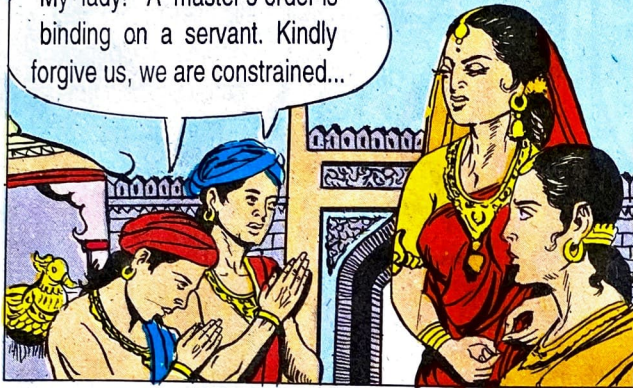






The servants took Anjana in a Viman and landed outside Mahendrapur.

My lady! A master's order is binding on a servant. Kindly forgive us, we are constrained...

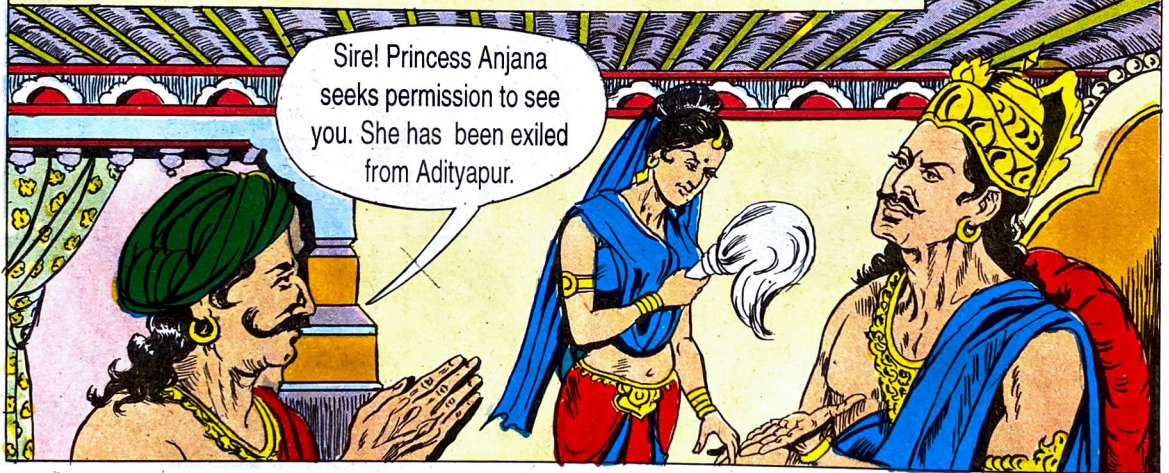


As the sun had already set, Anjana and Basanta spent the night under a tree outside the city.



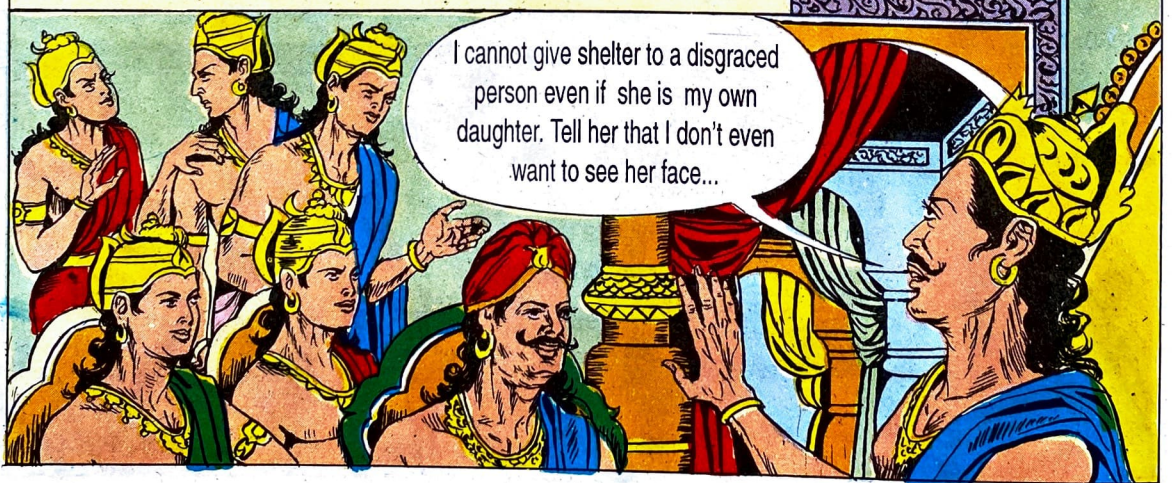
In the morning the gate-keeper came and informed the king—

Sire! Princess Anjana seeks permission to see you. She has been exiled from Adityapur.



The king consulted his sons and ministers, and announced—

I cannot give shelter to a disgraced person even if she is my own daughter. Tell her that I don't even want to see her face...





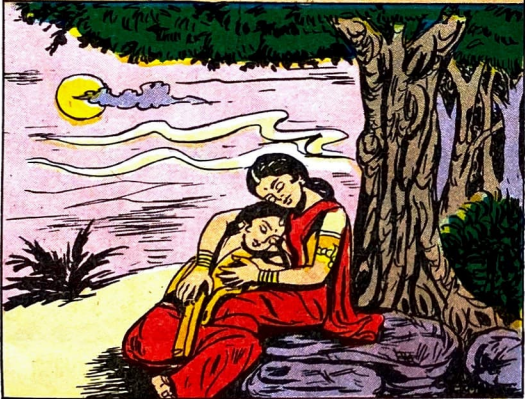
When she heard this heart-rending order of her father Anjana fainted.



They drifted deep into the jungle and far away from Mahendrapur. The jungle sounds including roaring of lions, trumpeting of elephants, and hissing of snakes made Basanta tremble with fear.



They ate wild berries and drank water from streams. They spent nights under whatever shelter they got.

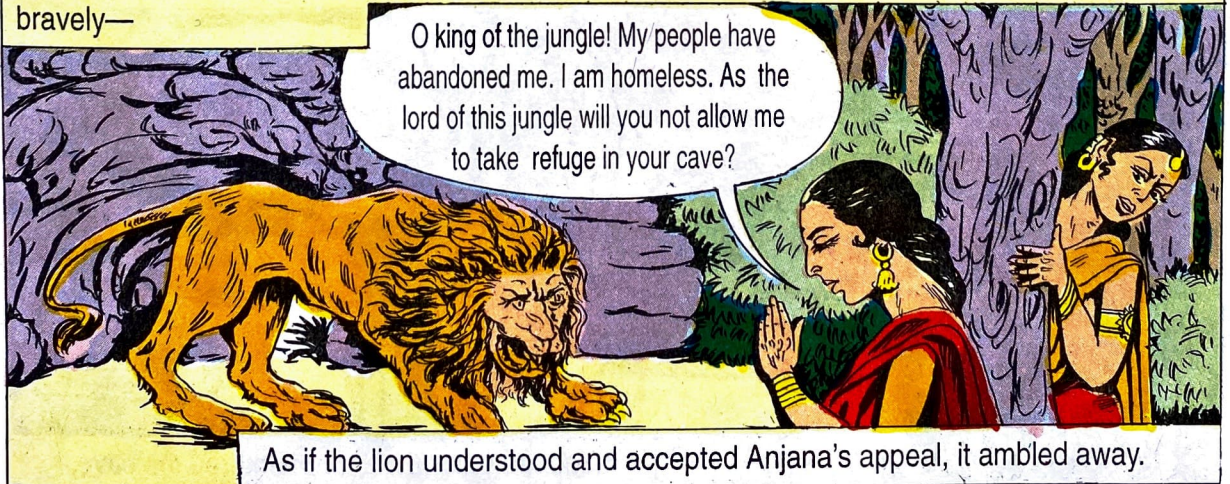


Wandering thus, one day Anjana pointed at a cave and said—



Basanta! The labor pains have started. We should take shelter into that cave.

A lion leaped out of the cave and stood roaring. Basanta trembled but Anjana faced the lion bravely—



O king of the jungle! My people have abandoned me. I am homeless. As the lord of this jungle will you not allow me to take refuge in your cave?

As if the lion understood and accepted Anjana's appeal, it ambled away.



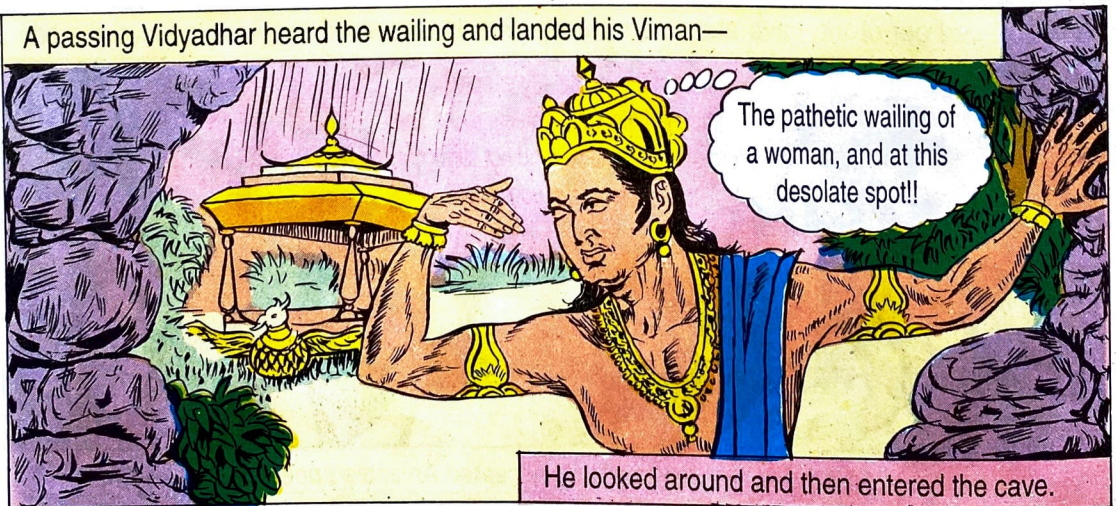
That night Anjana gave birth to a lovely and healthy child. Basanta took it in her hands and said—



Anjana's eyes brimmed with tears—



A passing Vidyadhar heard the wailing and landed his Viman—

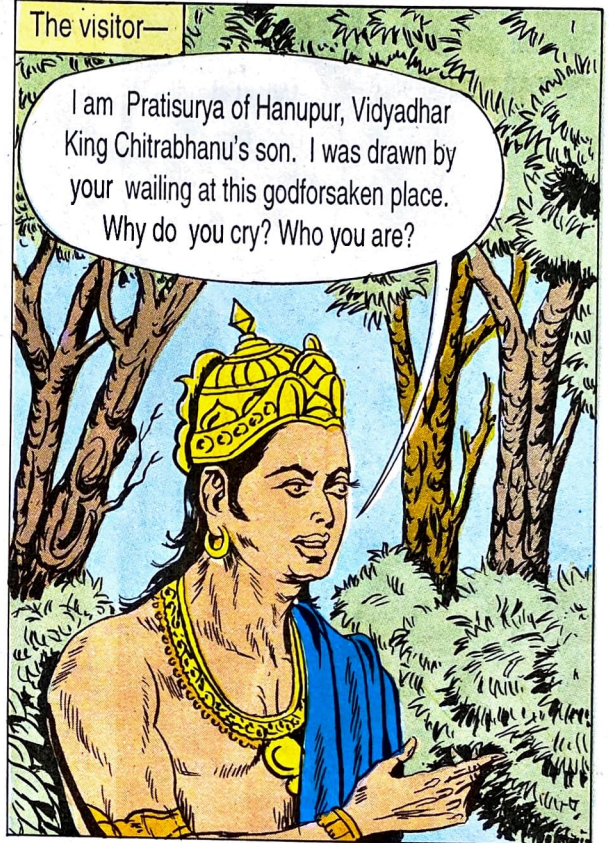




Basanta was taken aback seeing a stranger. Anjana composed herself and asked—



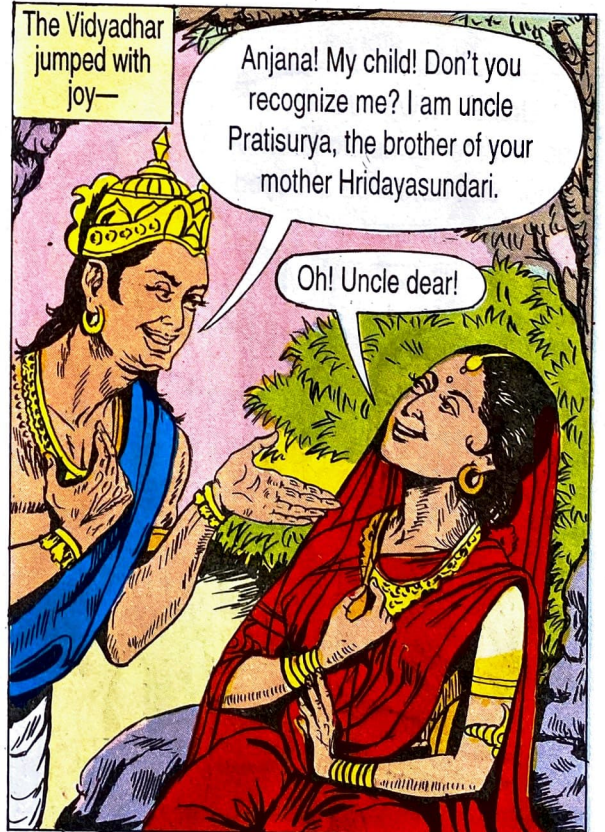
The visitor—



Anjana said gloomily—



The Vidyadhar jumped with joy—





The uncle said in anger—

What devil  
has put you  
into this state?  
Tell me his name...



Anjana said—

Forget it uncle! Besides her own  
bad Karmas who has the power to  
torture your niece ... My suffering is  
due to my own Karmas...



Anjana told the story and said—

Uncle! Now you should  
go. If father comes to know of  
your visit he will be annoyed  
with you...



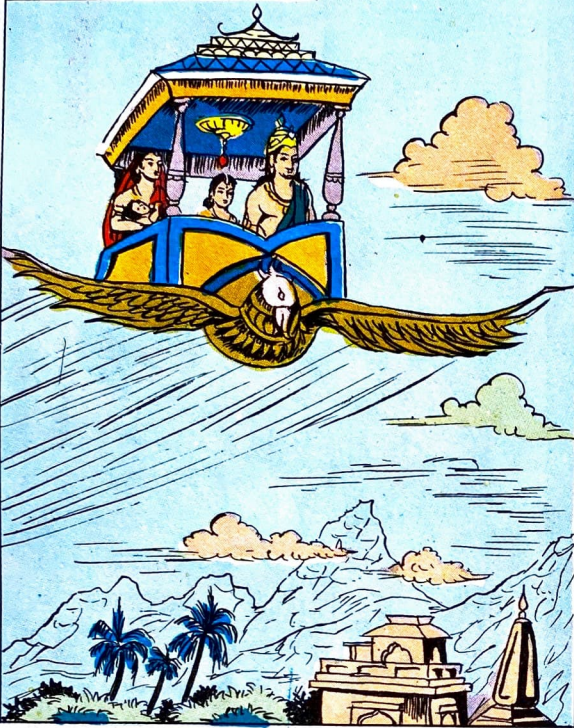
Pratisurya—

Anjana! My name is Pratisurya and I am  
duty bound to challenge darkness. You  
will accompany me to my palace and live  
there with the honor due to you.

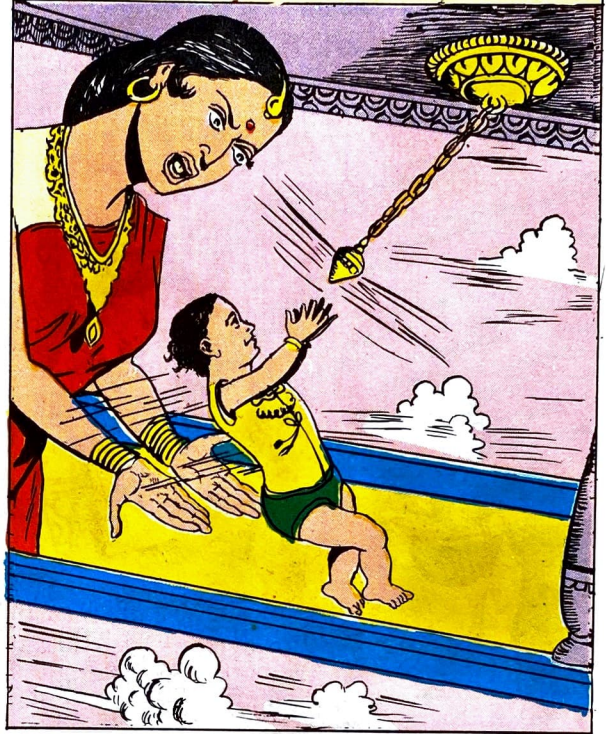




Pratisurya insisted and took them both into his Viman and left for Hanupur.



In the Viman a cluster of pearls was dangling at the ceiling. The child jumped from Anjana's lap to grab it.



From the speeding Viman the child fell on a hill top.

Oh! My son!!  
Help!!



Pratisurya brought down his Viman. He uttered in astonishment—

Anjana! See! The  
rock is shattered  
and the naughty  
child smiles.

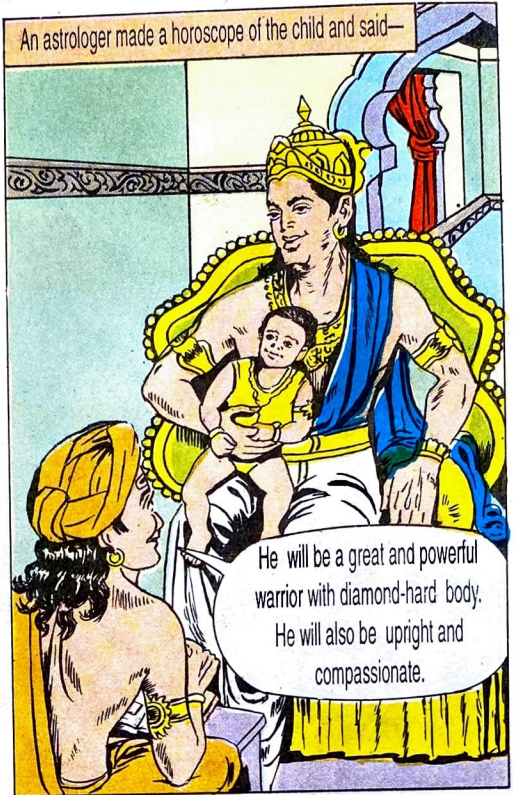




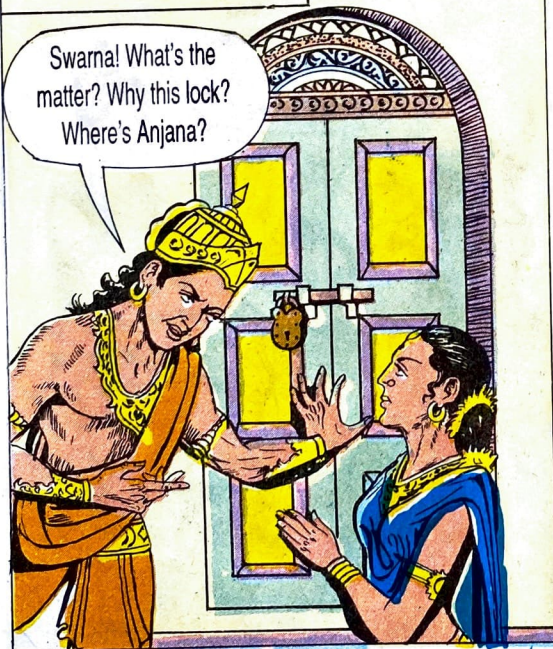
At Hanupur Pratisurya celebrated the birth and announced—



An astrologer made a horoscope of the child and said—



A long time passed. Victorious Pavananjai returned to Adityapur. Finding the gates of Anjana's palace closed he asked the maid—



In choked voice the maid said—





Pavananjai was shocked to hear this. He went to his mother and told his story—



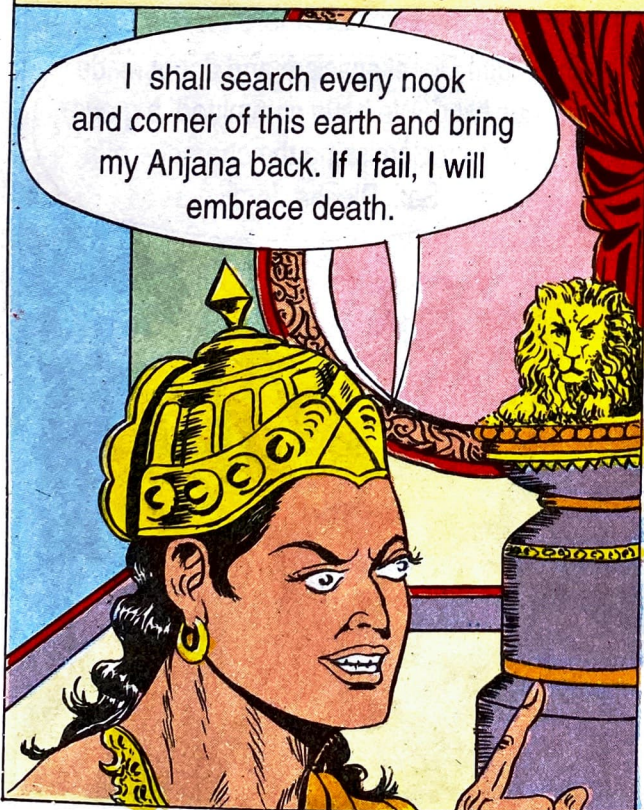
I gave her my seal as an evidence. Mother! You still did not believe her. Why?

The queen cursed herself—



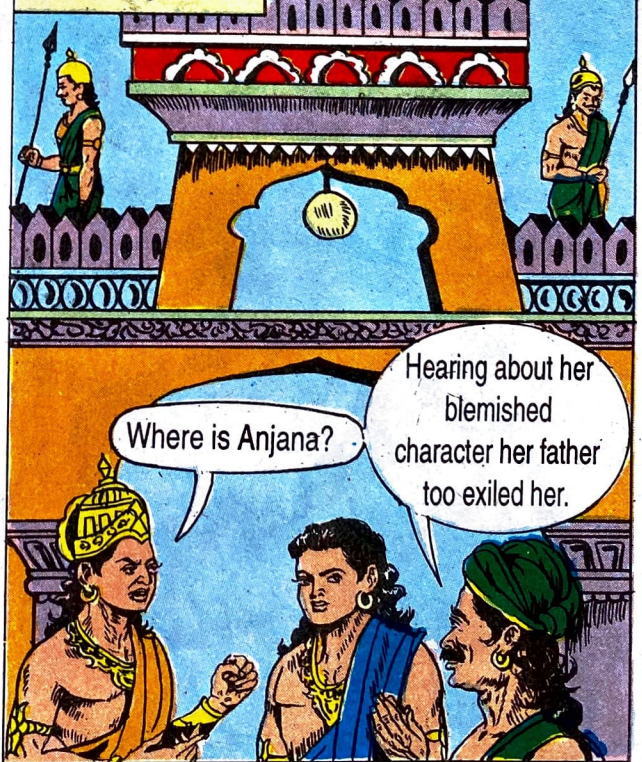
Oh God! I have destroyed my family with my own hands...

In his disturbed state Pavananjai resolved—



I shall search every nook and corner of this earth and bring my Anjana back. If I fail, I will embrace death.

With his friend he reached Mahendrapur. He asked a guard—

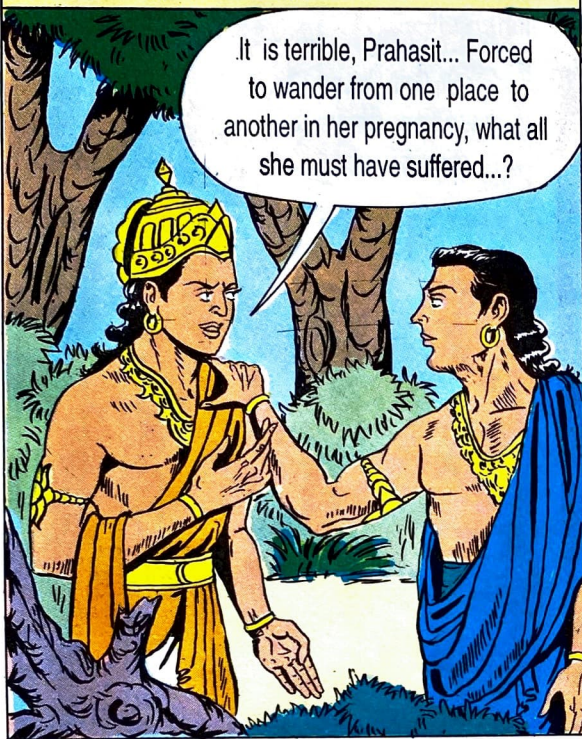


Where is Anjana?

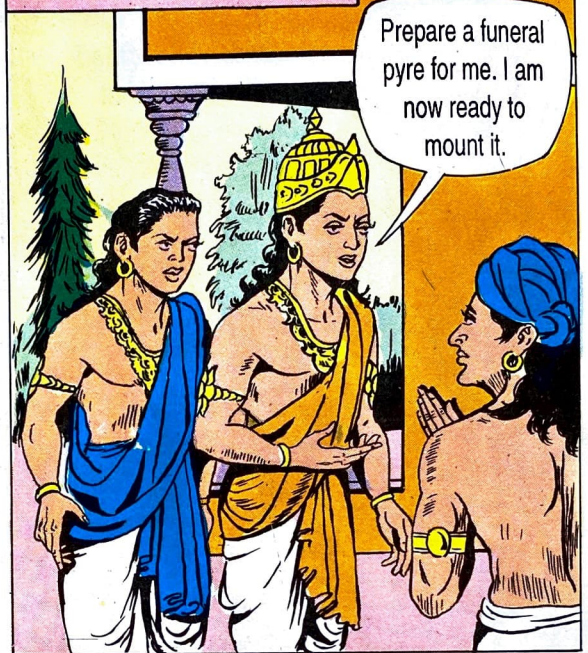
Hearing about her blemished character her father too exiled her.



Pavan conveyed his disappointment to Prahasi—



After his futile search in remote places including jungles, Pavan returned to Adityapur dejected. He instructed the servants—



The queen said with wet eyes—



The agony of his son moved King Prahlaad also—





Pavananjai said—

Father! To atone for this injustice I will have to mount the funeral pyre.



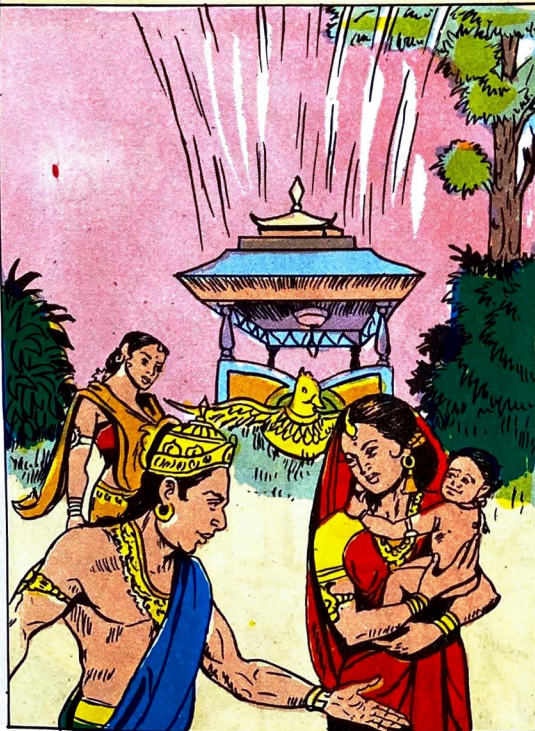
And he stepped ahead to mount the pyre.

Suddenly a call came from a Viman descending like a comet.

Stop it! Wait ...  
Anjana has arrived.

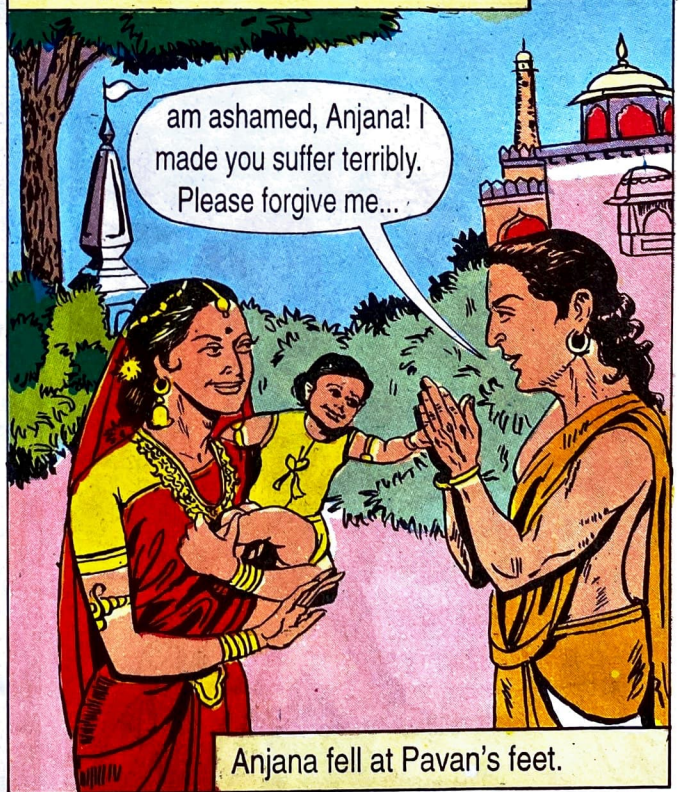


The Viman landed and Pratisurya and Anjana carrying Hanuman stepped down.



Seeing Anjana, Pavan rushed ahead—

am ashamed, Anjana! I made you suffer terribly.  
Please forgive me...



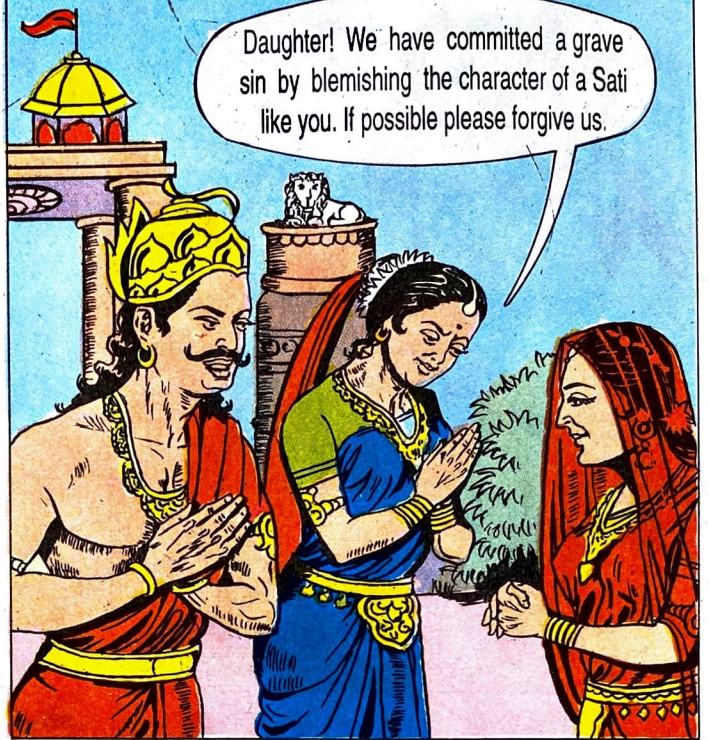
Anjana fell at Pavan's feet.



Pavan took Hanuman from Anjana, looked lovingly at the child and kissed him.



King Prahlād and the queen came forward and sought forgiveness—



Anjana touched their feet and said—



Pavananjai greeted Pratisurya and said—





Pratisurya said with a smile—

Our Hanuman is a lucky boy. With him present it could not have happened otherwise. The moment I got the news today I rushed here...



Other relatives including King Mahendra also arrived there and they all sought forgiveness for blaming Anjana.



Anjana was the center of attention—

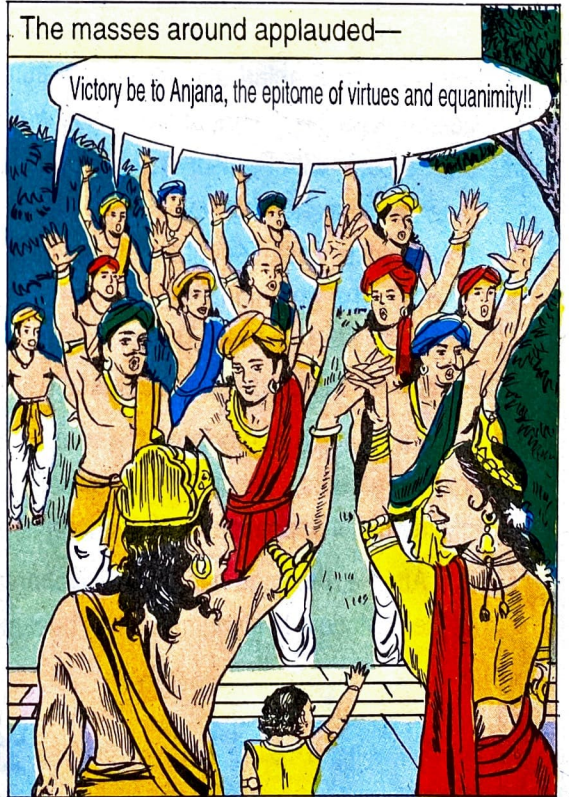
Astonishing patience she has!!

Man! A unique display of equanimity in face of grave miseries...

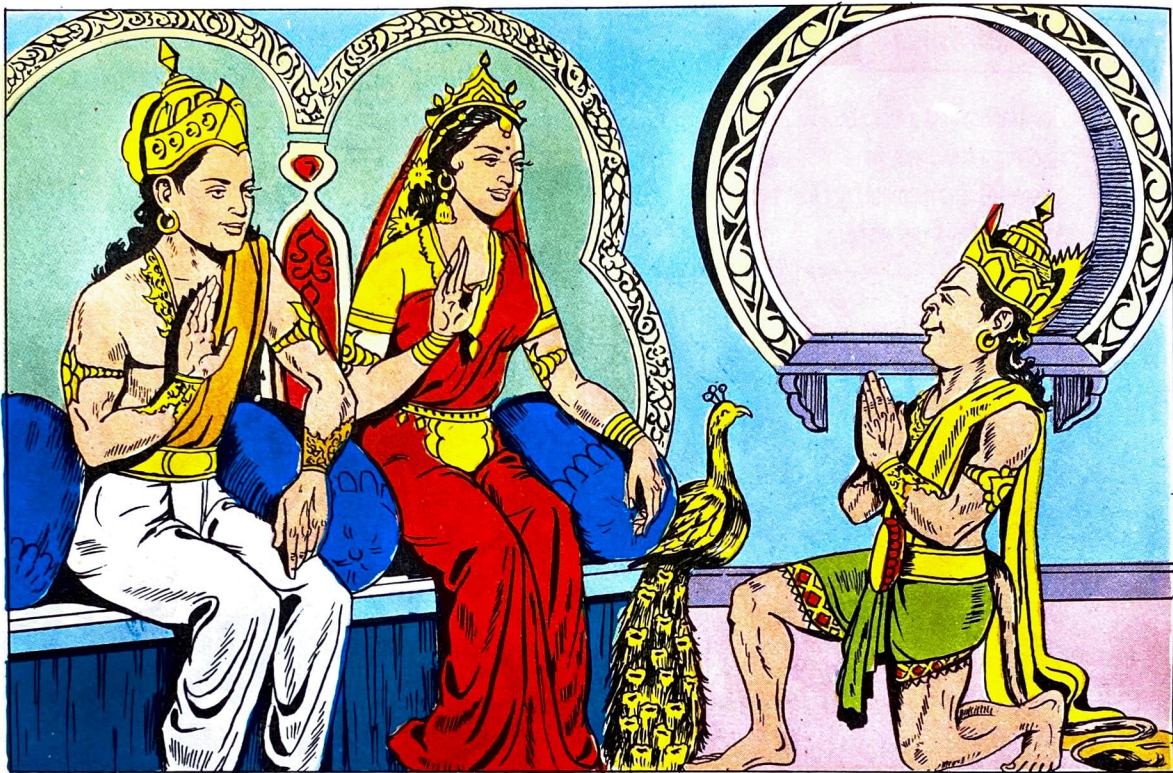


The masses around applauded—

Victory be to Anjana, the epitome of virtues and equanimity!!







Getting back Pavananjai, Anjana, and the playful grandson, Hanuman, the joy of King Prahlad and queen Ketumati saw no bounds. After many days of celebrations the friends and relatives were given farewell. Pavananjai and his family stayed back with Pratisurya at Hanupur. Hanuman was brought up there only. By the time he completed his education he became famous as a great young warrior. King Ravan once again sought Pavananjai's help against Varun. When Hanuman came to know of it he said, "Father! there is no need of your marching with the army to defeat Ravan's enemies. I am more than enough." Hanuman insisted and joined Ravan. He captured Varun and made him a subject of Ravan.

Pavananjai appreciated the valor, power and bravery as well as his devotion for his parents, "Anjana! How sweet is this happiness we have got after a lifetime of struggle. It appears as if after a long and dark night the sun has at last dawned.

After a long and happy life Pavananjai and Sati Anjana handed over the reigns of their kingdom to Hanuman. They became ascetics to gain spiritual upliftment.



**THE END**



# Reverence for Life

Two thousand five hundred years ago an Indian prince—Vardhaman Mahavir the exponent of Reverence For Life felt that the miseries of the world should be alleviated. He meditated for twelve and a half years and came to the realization that, the cause for all miseries and suffering was human-beings unlimited desires and greed. Permanent peace, happiness and contentment could be achieved only by ending the desires. He differentiated between the needs and the desires. He said needs should be fulfilled but one should not run after desires. Desires lead to exploitation and exploitation to violence. Desires cannot be fulfilled without violating the living-being's right to live. We donot know, even to the nearest order of magnitude, how many life forms humanity shares the planet with. Most of these are small animals such as insects. They inhabit in little explored environments such as the tropical forest canopy or the ocean floor. A handful of soil is likely to contain many tiny species unknown to science.



**Compassionate Heart**

In order to drastically reduce the massive bleeding of life from the planet, we must learn to reduce our desires and just stick to our needs. This can be achieved if the philosophy behind reverence for life is understood.

Reverence for life is the quality of the soul that is awakened in us when we start accepting the reality that each living-being that shares this universe with us is holding the same precious life as we do. As we are pained when abused with bad words, thoughts or deeds, they are pained when abused. The moment we experience oneness with all life forms our attitude towards ourself and the outside world changes. When we change our belief our attitude changes. When we change our attitude our attitude changes.

Though it is a three word philosophy the phrase is simple, direct and poignant. It is a philosophy that talks of world peace, where every life is allowed to live his own life without outside interference. It is known that every species plays an important role in maintaining an ecological balance among the living systems of the earth. These systems must continue to function if life is to survive. Loss of any species threatens the survival of several species inclusive of man. That is why ecological balance, environmental safety, issues on animal abuses, human exploitations becomes part of this Reverence For Life.

Homosapiens (mankind) are considered to be the most intelligent creatures placed on the top rung of the evolutionary process. Instead of using their gifts and talents to protect and preserve the rights of all living-beings, they have misused and traded upon many lives and many things for their personal gain and temporary pleasures.



They are yet called the 'Keepers of their Kin'. How can this be true? Innocent lives are tormented everyday. Rivers, mountains, plants, trees, insects, birds and animals are destroyed in the name of progress. Where are we heading towards—destruction or extinction? If we donot awake immediately we are jeopardising our own existence.

Vardhaman Mahavir has very rightly emphasised the principle of non-accumulation. It is this principle that helps us live within our needs and not go for greed. The less we have the more we are. The root cause of human suffering is want, and want springs from ignorance. The knowledge of respect towards life removes our ignorance and opens a new door to reality.

If each individual is inculcated with the philosophy of Reverence For Life in his childhood the massacre of innocent lives, unethical behaviour, deforestation, environmental pollution will cease to exist. A great thinker said that, *"He who injures harmless beings from a wish to give himself pleasure never finds happiness, neither living nor dead."*

Dr. Albert Schweitzer a Nobel Peace Prize winner summed up his philosophy thus, *"Whenever you see life—that is you. What is this recognition, this knowledge apprehended by the most learned and most childlike alike? It is 'Reverence for Life', reverence for the impenetrable mystery that meets us in our universe, an existence different from ourselves in external appearance yet inwardly of the same character with us. Terribly similar, awesomely related. This dissimilarity, the strangeness between us and other creatures is here removed. Reverence before the infinity of life means the removal of the strangeness, the restoration of shared experiences and of compassion and sympathy."*

I am sure that after reading this we will change our perception towards the world and life around. Mr. William Ross said appropriately that, *"A person can, through his own reasoning, develop an attitude towards life that will give a meaning to his existence, a basis of living, and a confidence in his inborn powers to make a better and happier life for himself and for all other living-beings."*

I will not kill or hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing, but will strive to save and comfort all gentle life, and guard all natural beauty upon the earth.

—John Ruskin

—Pramoda Chitrabhanu's

Jai Jinendra





## GYANAVARANA KARMA

(Concealment of our knowledge)

Some are more intelligent.

Some are less intelligent.

Some are foolish.

Some are Stupid.

What is the reason for this ?

The reason is *Gyanavarana Karma*.

Some are clever in their studies.

Some are dull in their studies.

Some do not learn anything.

What is the reason for this ?

The reason is *Gyanavarana Karma*.

This *Karma* does not allow us to know things that are far away.

This *Karma* does not allow us to know the minds of others.

This *Karma* does not allow us to know all about the world.

In spite of your hard work, you are not able  
to remember a lesson or a poem; why ?

Though you know the answers well,  
you are not able to give them; why ?

Though you are eager to understand a subject or a talk,  
you are not able to understand it; why ?

For all these, the reason is *Gyanavarana Karma*.

**How to remove *Gyanavarana Karma* ? Read in next issue on the same page.**



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